THE

ALBUM OF STREATHAM.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

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THE

ALBUM OF STREATHAM;

OR,

MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

HARRY AND BILLY; AN ECLOGUE:

JEKYLL; AN ECLOGUE:

THE BULSE; AN ODE:

THE JOURNAL OF THE RIGHT HON. HENRY DUNDAS: AND,

THE ODE

ON THE RESTORATION OF HIS MAJESTY,

RECITED BY MRS. SIDDONS, AT BROOKES'S GALA, TUESDAY, THE 23D OF APRIL, 1789.

WRITTEN BY MR. MERRY.

Tune potes dulces, ingrate, relinquere nugas?
Dic mihi, quid melius desidiosus ages? MARTIAL.

THE FOURTH EDITION,

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ENLARGED.

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MDCCLXXXIX.

THE

ALBUM:

OR,

MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.

DURING the late buſtle---the moſt awful, we are aſſured from *undoubted* authority---that ever agitated theſe realms; when Miniſters, with unheard-of ſagacity, were employed in defeating the machinations of our foes, before they had exiſtence, and overturning plans, of which no political microſcope has yet diſcovered the *Embrio*,----Mr. *Steele*'s hoſpitable Manſion at STREATHAM aſſumed a complexion not at all agreeing with the feſtivity of its owner. It was there, that, in defiance

of the *Proclamation*, each ſabbath was ſpent in debate; it was from thence, that *diſpatches* were *diſpatched* without number, and without end, until Miniſters had accompliſhed their own *wiſe* purpoſes, in a manner peculiar to themſelves, and, to uſe an appropriate line of the late Dr. *Johnſon*,

Had *killed* the yet *unanimated* young.

Theſe important concerns, however, being at an end;---and *Gallic faith* being bound up to its propriety, in declarations and counter-declarations of the ſtrongeſt parchment, it became neceſſary to ſeek an interval of relaxation.---Mr. *Dundas* was the firſt to propoſe a freer circulation of the bottle; but this propoſition was ſtrenuouſly oppoſed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on account of the danger of *nocturnal* travels; and as ſtrongly by the Solicitor General, leſt, by any unfortunate accident, he ſhould be betrayed from his uſual *conſiſtency*. The Attorney General declared himſelf inclined to neither ſide; upon which Mr. *Martin* caſt a ſhrewd glance on Mr. *Arden*'s *noſe*, and laughed very heartily. Mr. Alderman *Wilkes* reminded the company of the *decorous* example which it was neceſſary for them to ſet to his Majeſty's ſubjects;---but Mr. *Beaufoy* terminated the conteſt, by riſing to addreſs the company in that graceful manner ſo peculiar

culiar to himſelf. Having compoſed his countenance---moulded his *chapeau* into the ſize of a tennis-ball---and diſpoſed of his legs in ſuch a manner, that one might not run away from the other---after an exordium of only half an hour, he aſſured them, " that he was *experimentally* convinced of the dangers of the meaſure propoſed by the Treaſurer of the Navy; and that nothing but a total abſtinence from wine, could exempt that *body politic*---which the nation ſo deſervedly held dear---from the morbid humours ariſing from its *deleterious* qualities."

His Grace of *Richmond* next propoſed, that the company ſhould attend him into the meadow at the bottom of the garden, where, with their aſſiſtance, he offered to erect a model in clay, by which he would demonſtrate, that, with his newly-invented redoubts, a garriſon of 5000 men could defend themſelves for a given time againſt a force ſuperior, by as many hundreds.---It is impoſſible for us to ſay, how this propoſal would have been received, as, in that inſtant, the Right Hon. Mr. *Cornwall* was obſerved to make a number of wry faces, occaſioned, as he ſaid, by a violent *cholic*. The blue room was inſtantly ordered to be aired, for the venerable invalid; and in order to bring a ſpeedier ſlumber to his relief, Major *Scott* was directed to

attend him, and to read over his comments on the Preface to *Bellendenus*.

Mr. *Grenville* then mentioned the exceſſive fatigue which he had undergone in purſuing the *French* Miniſter---who was purſuing the *French* King---who was purſuing the cock pheaſants round his hunting-ſeat. He therefore declared himſelf incapable of any violent exerciſe, and only propoſed a game at *Cribbage*, to which Mr. *M. A. Taylor* having aſſented, they retired together to the little parlor for that purpoſe.

Col. *Barre*---being deſirous that ſome mode of recreation ſhould be adopted, in which it would be poſſible for him to participate, expreſſed his wiſh, that, being ſeated together, each perſon ſhould tell a *ſtory* in turn. This propoſal was very ſtrongly ſeconded by Sir *Geo. Howard*, who promiſed, if it was adopted, to enrich his *narrative* with a great number of *royal bon mots*;---yet the propoſition was ſtrongly reſiſted by Mr. *Dundas*, who declared, that having lately heard ſo many *Oriental Tales*, he was abſolutely ſickened by the idea;---and Lord *Sydney*, mentioning alſo that ſome ſneers might be caſt on the amuſement, as only fit for *old Women*, the Colonel gave a nod of negligence, and went quietly to ſleep.

After

After a few minutes ſpent in farther heſitation by the reſt of the company, Mr. *Steele* ſuggeſted, as a more eligible mode of amuſement than any that had yet been offered, that an *Album* ſhould be immediately opened; to which each perſon preſent, and every future viſitor, ſhould be ſolicited to commit ſome *poetical* effuſion of the moment. They could perhaps promiſe themſelves, he ſaid, as much *variety* as filled the vaſe at *Bath Eaſton*, with as much *ſublimity* as appears at the *Album* at Sir *W. J*-----*n*'s. At all events, it was certain, that ſuch a number of *curious originals* might be procured by this means, as would not only beguile the preſent moment, but would even expand the ideas, and enrich the collections, of poſterity.

This propoſal,---through complaiſance to their Hoſt, we muſt ſuppoſe, for we cannot think that any thing like *vanity* could have influence in ſo *auguſt* an aſſembly,---was aſſented to by every individual preſent; and the eagerneſs with which the taſk was purſued, being in proportion to its novelty, the *Album*, in three or four days, was nearly filled. It was not at firſt intended, that this collection ſhould be made public. It was fixed, on the contrary, that the *modeſt muſe* of Mr. *Dundas*, and the *chaſte* inſpirer from whom the *Premier* caught his flame, ſhould together hide their heads in ſecrecy.

It

It was even cruelly determined, that the *eloquence* of Mr. *Martin*---the *wit* of Sir *Joseph Mawbey*---the *brief epigrams* of Major *Scott*---and the *attic strains* of Lord *Sydney*---should be for ever lost to the world. But from our first knowledge, that such a treasure existed, our efforts to obtain a view were unremitting, and---we are happy to add---that they have been successful. We shall therefore now present our readers with a few "EXTRACTS from the ALBUM at STREATHAM," curtailed only in those parts which the haste of the Noble and Honorable writers may have rendered unequal to the rest, or which allude to such *jokes*, as, though laughable in the circle where they originated, might probably fail of exciting a smile, if communicated to the public eye.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS,

No. II.

FROM THE

ALBUM *at* STREATHAM.

WHEN, in conſequence of Mr. *Steele's* propoſal, and the general determination, the ALBUM was produced, a degree of anxious diffidence appeared in every face.----Mr. *Dundas*----though poſterity will ſcarcely believe it---was obſerved to bluſh;---Mr. *Rolle* hid his face behind the *round hat*, of oratorical notoriety; upon which Mr. *Drake*, jun. in a ſpeech which laſted one minute and thirty-five ſeconds, remarked on the difficulty of the taſk, and concluded with his uſual happineſs of quotation, by reciting the line from *Virgil*.

Opſtupui, ſteteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæſit.——

The remarkable volume, which lay on the table, it appeared, had been originally intended for entering the vaſt amount of miniſterial ſavings, and for noting

noting the arithmetical progreſſion, in which they ſhould haſten---to extinguiſh one debt by creating another.---It was now, on the contrary, to be more innocently employed in receiving *fictions* of another kind, and taken from the *Epic* taſk of bold impoſition, to the *Paſtoral divertiſſements* of mutual compliment or general adulation.

Mr. *Pitt* was firſt called on to favour the company with the effuſions of his muſe: but haſtening *in medias res*, we ſhall omit to tell---how with reluctant modeſty he declined the precedence---and how with proportioned urgency they inſiſted on his right;---how with meek diffidence the Premier at length took up the pen;---and how with a voice, ſweet as one of *Longman* and *Broderip's Celeſtinis*, Lord *Mulgrave* whiſpered his congratulations on the occaſion.---It will be ſufficient for us to communicate the following extracts from this ineſtimable performance, accompanied by a hope, that in ſome future edition we may be enabled to lay the whole before our readers.

ODE.

O D E.

Awake! awake! ſome virgin muſe,
And kindred energies infuſe;
Pure as this ſpotleſs page muſt be the ſtrain,
Which to th'expecting croud
Shall ſpeak our joys aloud,
For PEACE *reſtor'd*,
Not by the ſword,
But by our councils, in ſnug ſapience plann'd;
For hoſtile machinations croſt,
For PEACE *reſtor'd*——ere it was loſt,
To bleſs——at ſmall expence——this happy land.

In a ſtrain of grateful humility, he then proceeds, after ſome general congratulation; to compliment very highly the exertions of his coadjutors on this trying occaſion.---The truth of the following lines, we make no doubt, will be admitted inſtantly by every reader:

Of pow'rs congenial——for each other form'd,
And by an equal flame of genius warm'd,
When *Sydney's* labours meet the loud acclaim,
Then ſhall *Carmarthen* ſhare the meed of fame;
When *Mulgrave's* praiſe ſhall ſound from ev'ry tongue;
Then ſhall *Dundas's* purity be ſung;
And *Arden* and *Macdonald*,——honor'd pair!
Living or dead, a kindred praiſe ſhall ſhare.
So when my *Grenville's* parts ſhall fill the ſtrain,
Their eulogy ſhall *Hawkeſbury's* virtues gain.

This beautiful Antiſtrophe he then concludes with infinite modeſty.

With humble note——with more obſcure regard,
Then ſhall my labours find a full reward,
When future ages all our deeds ſhall ſcan,
And ſpeak of each——as MINISTER and MAN!

In a digreſſion of about a hundred lines, he then, as if gaining confidence from his aſſociation with ſuch *reſpected* names, dwells with conſiderable force on the terrors of the *French* cabinet, the alarms of *Spain*, and the general convulſion of *Europe*, during the late memorable negociation. Speaking of the ſituation of *Holland*, he uſes a moſt ſublime ſimile, comparing the perturbation of their ſpirits to the waves that foam after an inundation from one of their ſluices, when

Borne by the ruſhing tide,
Their * drunken hopes all chang'd to ſtern deſpair,
The MYNHEERS ſee their chattels floating wide,
And beat their breaſts, and tear their hair,
And curſe their fated ſhore
For watry ruin mark'd——for dark complottings more.

Returning from this digreſſion to ſcenes leſs diſtant, the Right Honorable Poet ſeems to have caught new fire.---To thoſe who are well acquainted with

* Was the hope *drunk*, wherein you dreſt yourſelf?
SHAKESPEARE.

with his abilities, this circumſtance will appear by no means ſtrange, as they muſt frequently have obſerved, that nothing ſo powerfully calls forth the effervescence of his Genius, as his being indulged in ſpeaking for half an hour, on a buſineſs no way pertinent to the ſubject in hand.---Such was the fire which ſuddenly kindling, dictated the following bold Apoſtrophe:

Now ſtrike the lyre again
A louder——yet a louder ſtrain,
St. Stephen's opes its venerable doors!
I ſee the hoſtile phalanx move,
Their firm-ſet ſtrength to prove;
But ſoon the event ſhall prove their conteſt vain.
---Firſt, my *Beaufoy*, his ſkill to try,
On Dulneſs' chords his hands ſhall lay;
Pleas'd with the ſound, he knows not why,
His ſtrains complacently ſhall lead the way.
In order due, then next ſhall *Martin* riſe,
Whilſt Folly jingles all her bells;
Thro' the long period ſtill he tries,
And on the monſtrous *Coalition* dwells,
Till ſenſe repugnant flies the ſound,
And ſombrous vapours fill the Dome around.
Thy ſpeech too, *Grenville*, ſtill to nought is fix'd,
Sad proof of thy diſorder'd ſtate,
Of differing themes, the veering jargon mix'd,
Calls general Pity for thy hapleſs fate.
Then next *Dundas*, his eyes on fire,
Wak'd by a thouſand ſecret ſtings,
On *India's* woes ſhall touch the lyre,
Till ſympathy reſound from all its ſtrings.

Whilſt *Mulgrave* ſad, as fix'd Deſpair,
In ſullen ſtrains his grief beguiles;
The ſolemn, ſtrange and mingled air
At times is dull——at times he grimly ſmiles,

The Poet then proceeds, with the ſame happineſs of diſcrimination, to characterize the other leſs diſtinguiſhed ſupporters of the preſent adminiſtration:---after complimenting each on his genius, ſagacity, &c. or the inferior, but not leſs uſeful qualities of Intrepidity of face, or callous Inſenſibility to argument, he concludes with the following exhortation:

Then each, my friends, purſue his ſeparate courſe,
A certain victory it is yours to gain,
On ſouls like yours——all reaſoning loſes force,——
To powers like yours——all *Oppoſition's* vain!

Some Hypercritics may perhaps object to the freedom with which Mr. *Pitt*, in this ſpirited Ode, has treated ſome of his friends and intimates.---But they are to recollect, in the firſt place, that the piece in queſtion was by no means deſigned for publication; and in the ſecond, they ſhould know that ſuch is the *Amor Patriæ* which actuates our Premier, that when the *public good* is in queſtion, he makes no ſcruple of acting in concert with perſons, whoſe principles and abilities he holds in equal and profeſſed contempt!

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS,

No. III.

FROM THE

ALBUM *at* *STREATHAM.*

WHEN Mr. *Pitt* had received the general congratulations for the excellent Ode with which he had honored the ALBUM:---The truly *illuſtrious* Lord *Hawkeſbury* was called on to favor the company with a ſpecimen of his poetic powers; but in the inſtant, whilſt he was preparing to comply, a violent blaſt was heard from a Sow-gelder's horn, which excited a momentary laugh; and immediately after, by a ſtrange concurrence of circumſtances, Sir *Joſeph Mawbey* was announced!

A propoſal was then made by Mr. *Steele*, that as the firſt viſitor, the Baronet ſhould have the precedence, and he was accordingly informed of the nature of the inſtitution, and of the compliment intended him.---Sir *Joſeph* roſe, with his uſual *grace*,

to

to make a ſpeech on the occaſion, but, as he drew forth his handkerchief, ſcented with *Moſenau's* beſt lavender water, he unfortunately ſlirted from his pocket, the engraver's *bill* for etching the curious portrait of the honorable baronet, which embelliſhes the front of the *European* Magazine.---The paper was picked up by Mr. *Dundas*, who archly obſerved to Sir *Joſeph*, as he returned it, that it wanted a *receipt*.

This perverſe accident, which would have diſcompoſed any other than the grave Baronet, had no effect whatever on the ſolemnity of his countenance; it, on the contrary, furniſhed a ſubject for his muſe, who, after a labour of one hour, forty-five minutes, and eleven ſeconds, by the Baronet's own ſtop-watch, brought forth the following very brilliant and epigrammatic ſtanzas:

THE Honors ſome deride of Fame,
And ſcorn the whiſtling of a name;
With others ſtill ſhe finds regard,
And forms their hope and their reward.
So when I'm dead—or elſe retir'd,
In *Copper* be this face admir'd;
And by the graver's art ſtill ſeen;
—Fit index of the mind within!
Thus, SYDNEY, when thy toils are o'er;
When rank and office are no more,

Ap-

Appropriate honors crown thine head,
And be thy form rever'd—in *Lead*.——
So DUNDAS, when his powers are wither'd,
And when he's to his fathers gather'd,
When all his *honor'd* days ſhall paſs,
Shall live in monumental——*Braſs*,
Nor, GRENVILLE, ſhall thy fame expire,
Thy great, *vaſt* head ſhall all admire;
For when thy glorious race is run,
And thy *Negociations* done,
As high in fame, as high in blood,
Thy beauteous buſt ſhall ſmile——in *Wood*:
And when their friends their loſs ſhall grieve,
In *Bronze* ſhall SCOTT and ARDEN live.
——Dull Epitaphs may then be ſpar'd,
The worth of each may be inferr'd,
Whilſt Hiſtory's bright page ſhall tell,
What feats we did——and *eke* how well.
And,——ſuch th'extent of mortal pride,——
How we were born——and how we dy'd.

The poetic beauties of the above delicious *morceau* muſt be too evident to the reader of taſte to require any comment.---We ſhall only obſerve with what amazing coolneſs and Stoiciſm the Baronet ſpeaks of his own *death*;---an event which would doubtleſs fill every lover of his country with inconſolable affliction. The Borough of *Southwark* would mourn that eloquence which enforced the *mild* authority of the *Surry* juſtices, and charmed all hearers---at Quarter Seſſions;---*Vauxhall* would mourn that Wit which

cheared

cheared its walks, and that Dignity which was so frequently the ornament of its Bar *;---nay, even the envious *Dog* and *Duck* must mourn the loss of that Worth which has so greatly contributed to the essential interests of Religion and Morality---by silencing its organ!

We cannot forbear to remark also, with what a happy delicacy the Baronet adverts to the late important negociations of the Right Hon. Mr. *Grenville*.---The *plural* number very neatly implies that the above will not remain a *single* exertion of his diplomatic talents, but that such was his address and dexterity, that his grateful country may place the most secure reliance on him on every future occasion.----The genius of the POET, in this instance, can only be equalled by that of the NEGOCIATOR.

We should not omit to add, that Mr. *Dundas* made some objections to the word "*eke*," which occurs towards the conclusion of this beautiful poem, as being in his opinion too antique;---but Mr. Alderman *Wilkes*, who, since the late proclamation

* Though the Hon. Baronet has too great a respect to the admonitions of his Lady, and too strong an aversion to the profligacy of the age, to venture his person in the *Walks*; yet he so constantly takes his situation at the *Bar*, that he has been more than once mistaken for *Purveyor* of the *Ham* and *Chickens*.

mation, never goes without a Bible in his pocket, produced from the Verſion of the Pſalms ſuch a number of paſſages where it was uſed, that he not only ſilenced the cavil, but alſo ſhamed that *infidel* want of recollection, which the Treaſurer of the Navy had betrayed; in making the exception.

This diſcuſſion being ended, Lord *Hawkeſbury* was again called on, but his Lordſhip requeſting to be indulged with more time, ſeveral others offered themſelves :---When the voice of Mr. *Drake*, jun. being particularly *in Alt*, he obtained an immediate attention. He was proceeding to addreſs himelf to Mr. *Pitt*, beginning his ſpeech with theſe lines from *Horace*;

Cum tot ſuſtineas, et tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Britannas *armis* tuteris, *moribus* ornes——

but was informed by Mr. *Steele*, that his ſpeech would be diſpenſed with on this occaſion; upon which this young Orator, who may juſtly be ſtiled "the *claſſical* Hope of *Britain*," ſat down, and produced the following lines:

RECITATIVE.

Begin, begin the ſtrain my Muſe!
Nec ſatis ſcio——what I yet ſhall chuſe,
Whether to ſing of great St. *Stephen*'s wars,
Where ſyllogiſms take the place of ſcars.

Or thank the Gods——*pro jam ſecura pace*,
Tho' Whigs, ſtill boding evil, would out-face ye.

Yes!——*Eloquence* ſhall claim the Song,
For which the young politic ſinners long,
Who want ſome wary friend to tell 'em,
What dire heart-burnings thence ariſe,
What breaſts convuls'd! what ardent eyes,
Quas inimicitias et funebre bellum!

With thee, oh! PITT, my ſtrains bgin,
Skilled *country Gentlemen* to win,
By declamation fluent,
Struck with the ſound, with eager gaze,
Thy thicken'd ranks ſhall pour their praiſe,
—*Et in abſurda ruent.*

Nor thou, *Dundas*, ſhould'ſt paſs unſung,
Had but my wayward Muſe the tongue,
Or Eloquence to ſhew how,
I ſtill admire——"thy geſt of ſpeche,"
And how I ſtrive in vain to reach,
Τȣς λογȣς ȣς ακȣω.

But, 'ſpite of Laughter's deaf'ning din,
See poor * Sir GREGORY ſtrive to win
The Palm----of ſpeaking well;
But wiſer WRAXALL knows 'tis true,
And will aver it—*Que le jeu,*
Ne vaut pas la chandelle

To

* The influence of *Nervous Affections* of late is truly wonderful, of which the caſe of Sir *G. P. Turner* is an inſtance. We muſt declare in contradiction to *all* the newſpapers, that no mem-

To learn from *Mulgrave*, then I'll try,
Silent t'attend, with downcaſt eye
To ſpeeches, till I'm weary;
Or check *Beauſoy*, when language mincing,
'Till haply I at length convince him
——*Quæ virtus ſit ſilere.*

The applauſes which Mr. *Drake* received for this equally learned and witty *jeu d'eſprit*, will, we are certain, be echoed by all our readers, without exception.---The advantages which this gentleman derives from thus mixing the flowers of every language, as well in his vernacular Poetry, as in his Parliamentary Declamation, are ſo obvious, that we are not without a hope to ſee this ſtyle, both ſhortly and univerſally adopted.

member cons his ſpeeches better; and yet, the effect of the bagpipe on the human urine, is abſolutely nothing to the ſympathy which appears between the vocal organs of the Hon. Baronet, and the riſible muſcles of his hearers.

TRANSLATIONS

For the Benefit of COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

Nec ſatis ſcio—I am not quite determined.

Pro jam ſecura pace—for peace which is now ſecured.

Quas inimicitias et funebre bellum—what enmity and what dreadful warfare.

Et in abſurda ruent,—and then be as *abſurd* as you can wiſh them.

Τȣς λογȣς ȣς ακȣω,—the Diſcourſes which I hear.

Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle—the Game is not worth the candle—i. e. great labour is expended on a worthleſs object.

Quæ virtus ſit ſilere—what virtue is in ſilence.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS,

No. IV.

FROM THE

ALBUM *at* *STREATHAM.*

THE applauſes which were beſtowed on Sir *Joſeph Mawbey*, and Mr. *Drake*, jun. for their reſpective *Jeux d'Eſprit*, inſerted in the laſt number, it would ſurpaſs our limits to enumerate.---Mr. *Wilkes*, however, ſpeaking of the *quotations* of the latter, mentioned, in his uſual ſarcaſtic manner, ſomething of the *purpureus pannus*; but Sir *Watkin Lewes*, on the contrary, in the true ſpirit of a city joker, compared them to ſo many *plumbs* in a *pudding*.

Theſe comments were interrupted by three formal knocks at the door, after which his Grace the Duke of *Richmond* entered the room, accompanied by his confidential friend, Mr. *James Luttrell*. His Grace then preſented to Mr. *Steele* his contribution for the

the ALBUM, but with ſuch a reluctant condeſcenſion as the *Iriſh Giant* may be ſuppoſed to exhibit in ſtooping to play at *marbles*.---He then, in a manner equally *gracious*, proceeded to inform him, that his friend had lent his aſſiſtance to the compoſition, by anſwering the queſtions which his Muſe had dictated, in the manner of an *echo* from a diſtant part of the chamber !---This ſingular *duet* we have now the honor of laying before our readers.

O D E.

Not the Muſe—but Memory come,
Bring the ſpirit-ſtirring drum,
And all the clangors of the war.
For theſe——at *diſtance due*——I love to hear
Let the fifes now ſhrilly ſound,
Let the chargers beat the ground ;
Let *Mars* appear in his enſanguin'd car ?
Bring the trumpet's ſtern alarm——
But ah !—for fear of harm——
Pray bring them not too near.
——And now my fated ſoul ſhall haſte to pry
Into the ſecrets of futurity,
Would Inſpiratiou haply come ?
Luttrell. —— I come.
Say then ſhall *Cornwall*'s vote ſtill croſs each ſcheme,
And all my glorious plans but prove a dream.
Luttrell. —— A dream.

Muſt

Muſt then? ah! muſt each proud erection fall——
Baſtions, redoubts—nay, counterſcarps and all?
Luttrell. —— Counterſcarps and all.
And ſpeak, ſhall *Pitt* o'erturn each bold deſign.
And but diſgrace and vain command be mine?
Luttrell. —— And mine.
Shall then no *walls* this fated iſle defend,
And muſt her *Navy* prove her only friend?
Luttrell. —— Her only friend.
Firſt let Deſtruction, pouring forth her cup,
"Confound and ſwallow *Navigation* up:"
Be all the winds untied to make foul weather,
"And Nature's germins tumble all together!"
But—ſay, ſhall Landſdown mock me with his ſmile,
Nor *Dundas* praiſe,—nor *Pitt* commend my toil?
Luttrell. —— End thy toil.

We feel it impoſſible to deſcribe, how, whilſt this wonderful performance was read, his Grace ſat;---" his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling!" And glancing, no doubt, over *ideal* caſtles, and viſionary *chevaux de frize*---until he at laſt ſtarted up, and repeated with enthuſiaſm, thoſe lines which he has partly borrowed from the immortal *Shakeſpeare*, in which action he unfortunately trod on the toe of Lord *Rawdon*; but no ſooner did his Grace perceive the accident, than---ſuch is the force of *habitual politeneſs*,---his paſſion immediately ſubſided, and he begged pardon of the noble Peer with a readineſs and an energy which no language but his own could expreſs.

The

The comments and the eulogies on his Grace's ode were extremely numerous; the idea of introducing the *Echo* was in particular admired, as being highly poetic, beautiful, and uncommon.---The late Doctor *Johnson*, it was obſerved, uſed frequently to relate of an high perſonage,---that he teized him with a number of *multifarious* queſtions;---but then, added the Doctor, he had the complaiſance to anſwer them all himſelf.---It was therefore ſuggeſted by the Duke of *Queenſberry* to Sir *George Howard* to convey the mention of this *ſimple contrivance* to that perſonage; as, by thus *converſing* with an *Echo*, he might ſave himſelf the trouble of uttering, at leaſt, the half of his diſcourſe.

The other obſervations we ſhall, for the preſent, paſs over, haſtening forward, as our readers muſt do, when they are informed, that the next production came from the *erudite pen* of the moſt noble the Marquis of *Lanſdown*, who, paſſing by accident, was called in by his old, and *grateful* pupil, Mr. *Pitt*, and prevailed on to honor the ALBUM with the following Ode to *Sincerity*; which we ſhall ſubmit, without any comment, leaving our readers to decide both on its poetic beauties, and its *appropriation* to the well-known character of that Nobleman.

ODE.

ODE *to* SINCERITY.

NYMPH of the ſpotleſs robe, draw nigh,
With breaſt ſtill pervious to each eye,
And charm me with thy pow'r:
Long has my ſoul thy force confeſt,
And ſtill ſhalt thou remain its gueſt,
—As fits the preſent hour.

Sweet Being! ſeldom found on earth,
Thee have I worſhip'd from my birth,
—Whene'er convenience ſuited;
With doubtful tale, of varied hue,
Still to the changing purpoſe true,
Theſe lips were ne'er polluted.

Thro' the dark *wood*, and mournful yews,
With penſive ſtep on thee I muſe,
Sequeſter'd from the croud:
And were I forc'd to place and pow'r,
Thee ſtill I'd worſhip ev'ry hour,
—When ſtate affairs allow'd.

As bending 'fore thine honor'd ſhrine,
Thy praiſe then, heav'n-born nymph! be mine,
'Twill gain new ſtore of credit;
Tho' by the wreath that decks thy brow,
Nay, by thy ſacred ſelf, I vow,
—I ſcarce can think I need it.

So when in future times the bard,
To each ſhall fix their due award,
And *Eden's* truth relate;
When *Sydney's* eloquence is told,
And *Hawkeſbury's* high deſcent enroll'd,
As ſapient as he's great:——

When *Fox's* want of candour's ſung,
And *Sheridan's* dull, powerleſs tnngue;
The fame of *Burke* expir'd;
Then,—ſo immortal fates decree,
Then I, ſweet Nymph! ſhall dwell with thee,
And be with thee admired.

EXTRACTS,

EXTRACTS,

No. V.

FROM THE

ALBUM *at* *STREATHAM.*

NO ſooner had the rolling wheels of the Marquis of *Lanſdown's* carriage announced his departure, than the toil of criticiſm was begun. His ODE to SINCERITY, inſerted in the laſt number of theſe *Extracts*, was received with much and various animadverſion. The concluding compliment to the *eloquence* of Lord *Sydney*, and the *purity* of Mr. *Eden*, was particularly noticed. Some contended that it was *literally* meant; while others, knowing the peculiar *forte* of the noble Marquis, received it as a ſpecimen of his incomparable *irony*. The diſpute was referred to Mr. *Wilkes*, who, taking in the whole room with a *ſingle glance*, ſaw which way the majority were inclined, and therefore declared it to be as literal truth---as ever the noble Marquis had ſpoken on a *public* occaſion.

Par nobile fratrum! exclaimed Mr. *Drake*, jun. at this inſtant; when the company turning round, ſaw Lord *Hawkeſbury* and Mr. *Grenville* enter hand in hand, bearing their joint contribution to the ALBUM.---A momentary ſmile took place on obſerving a ſtrange contraſt in the appearance of this *poetic pair*.---The one "A muſe-rid mope, aduſt, and thin," the other chubby, robuſt and corpulent, particularly towards the *lower extremities*. The latter appeared like a well-fed Banker's Clerk; the the former like an apprehenſive Poet preſenting a dedication to a ſurly patron. But paſſing over any farther deſcription, we ſhall haſten to preſent their highly valued communication, in the following Dialogue:

Hawkſb. Ye ſwains of *Windſor*'s heights begin the ſong,
Grenv. Ye nymphs around *Whitehall* attune the lay;
H. To courtly themes ſtill courtly ſtrains belong,
G. With ſuch we celebrate this feſtive day.

H. Say, ſhall we ſing of Royal G——'s praiſe?
Or ſhall we make *ourſelves* the dearer theme?
G. Thro' him we roſe—more grateful ſhall it ſeem,
To him the panegyric ſong to raiſe.

HAWKESBURY.

From *G*——, my ſtrain begins, whoſe actions bold,
Shall fill each ear—wherever they are told;
From *G*——, Compaſſion's meek and general heir,
Whoſe Sheep and Subjects are his equal care.

GREN-

GRENVILLE.

Me, too, he favors—he my muſe inſpires,
And from her lips the thankful verſe requires;
Yet would ſhe riſe on *twice* as bold a wing,
If MULGRAVE had not equal cauſe to ſing.

HAWKESBURY.

Me, RICHMOND ſtill with glance indignant eyes,
When in the Houſe, from crimſon'd ſeat I riſe;
But vain th'indignant glance on me ſhall prove,
While cheer'd by Royal Confidence and Love.

GRENVILLE.

See, BURGESS court for HASTINGS' fallen ſtate,
Whilſt SCOTT and NICHOLLS their dull tale repeat;
And humbled IMPEY bows with diſtant pray'r,
That Impudence, like mine, ſhould be my care.

HAWKESBURY.

If thankleſs for theſe favors e'er I feel,
Let ingrate friends each ſecret art reveal,
Let me be mock'd by mutes I now deſpiſe,
Nay, more——in my defence let ARDEN riſe?

GRENVILLE.

If e'er Ingratitude this boſom ſways,
May BURKE impeach me,—or may DUNDAS praiſe;
May I be ſtript of perquiſite and place,
And curs'd with MARTIN's wit and MULGRAVE's face.

Of

Of the ſtriking beauties of this production we ſhall only remark how happily the compliment is paid in the third ſtanza to the *paſtoral* character of the great perſonage alluded to. His expanded mind, it is well known, can readily paſs from adjuſting a *ſubſidy*, to regulate the price of *ſkimmed milk*; and from ſettling regimental *linings*, and *pocket-holes*, with a firſt Lord of the Admiralty, can paſs by an eaſy tranſition, to enquire the price of a poppy-coloured *ribbon*:---We muſt ſuppoſe, however, that it was merely the neceſſity of the metre, which in the paſſage above mentioned, cauſed the noble Poet to place the *ſheep* before the *ſubjects*.

It may alſo be neceſſary to remark on the delicate accuracy of calculation with which Mr. *Grenville*, in the fourth ſtanza, inſinuates a complaint, that he is only *joint* Pay-maſter of the forces; and his ſpleen againſt the noble Lord who ſhares that office, ſeems again to break out in the laſt line by the mention of a face ſo much reſembling the once celebrated *Heidegger*, of deformed memory.

We ſhall now paſs over ſome other compoſitions, which are not diſtinguiſhed by any prominent feature, to take notice of the production of an Honorable Baronet, who has lately given ſo much exerciſe to the riſibility of the Houſe of Commons; and

and we make no doubt, but much curiosity will be excited when we mention the name of Sir GREGORY PAGE TURNER.

O D E.

OH! thou who rul'ſt the parts of ſpeech,
Noun, Adjective and Verb—come teach
My fault'ring tongue to join 'em.
Or if that boon I can't obtain,
Let not the pray'r prove quite in vain,
Say—whence ſhall I purloin 'em!

Goddeſs of Eloquence attend,
Ah! prove for once Sir *Gregory*'s friend,
And aid his ſtraying wit;—
So ſhall th'unmanner'd laughers ceaſe,
And he have leiſure thus in peace
To *watch*, and *vote* for PITT.

So like BEAUFOY, ſhall he declaim,
And pour along the tinkling ſtream
Of elocution bland,
His graceful perſon rais'd to view,
The ruffle ſeen——of whiteſt hue——
From Lady TURNER's hand.

Then Goddeſs—if intent to charm,
Thou e'er aſſumeſt a mortal form,
And call'ſt at *Portland* place,
There a rich offering ſhall be thine,
Rich—from my Lady's taſte and mine,
A ſuit of *Flander*'s lace.

There

There ſhall thy vot'ry own thy praiſe,
To thee the grateful altar raiſe,
And there the incenſe burn;
When he can ridicule defy,
And 'ſcape th'inſulting keen reply,
He'll laugh then—in his turn.

The Honorable Baronet was not contented with delivering this elegant production, but he inſiſted alſo on reading it to the company. The ſecond ſtanza was ſcarce finiſhed, when Mr. *Dundas*, who ſat behind him, laughed, and then threw the blame on an unfortunate *parrot*, which was placed in the corner of the room. The Baronet proceeded---another titter enſued---and the blame again fell on the ſame culprit. A third interruption having taken place, Sir *Gregory* flew into a rage,---would certainly have wrung its neck off the unfortunate *parrot*, if Mr. *Wilkes* had not good-naturedly interfered, archly obſerving at the ſame time,---" that it was a pity there ſhould be any diſpute, where the *nature* of both parties was ſo perfectly *congenial!*"

EXTRACTS,

EXTRACTS,

No. VI.

FROM THE

ALBUM *at* STREATHAM.

WE ſhould extend theſe extracts too far, if we were to give in detail the various contributions which were ſucceſſively inſerted in the ALBUM;----nor would the public derive much entertainment from peruſing a deſcription of the Scotch Boroughs by Mr. *Dundas*,----though written in the ſtyle of *M'Pherſon*, and elucidated into obſcurity by the *profound* notes of his friend Mr. *Ilay Campbell*---we beg his pardon---by the *eloquent* Lord Advocate of *Scotland*.

Yet, that curioſity may not be entirely ungratified, we ſhall ſubjoin a ſhort extract, copied *literatim* from the text of the Right Honorable Writer.

 " Dark

" Dark was the morne, and looring luked the ſun on the ungeelded hills. Bleak was the blaſt which came wheeſtling fre the North, and howled in the face of Hanry, journeying o'er the plains of Fife."

" The chief of the eager eye, luked aroound for a timous ſhelter, but Deſolation had there taken her abode. He ſought e'en a friendly tree, but ſoon he bo'od his ſorrowing head---for not a tree was to be foond."

" The ſun was hid behind a wat'ry cloud---but bright was the ſun, and gladſome was the cloud, when compared to the face of Hanry."

" The angry ſperit of the waters poured cataracts fræ the ſkies, and ſtreamed in dark torents adoon the heath clad mounts. The wanderer ſtill ſped him onward;---tho' oft, ſtriking againſt the pointed rock he fell, and as he fell the *bawbees* rattled in his pocket."

" Yet ſweeter was this deſolation to the ſoul of Hanry, than *aw* the gauds of ſoothern cleemates.--- The ſun at length unveiled his golden veeſage, and the hopes of the chief were brightened with the view:---rude tho' the proſpect lay, his ſoul was cheered, and he *ſtrod* along rejoicing in the ſcene."

The

The *learned* Annotator on this ſublime deſcription, adds for the information of poſterity, that the above paſſage alludes to an incident which occurred to Mr. *Dundas* himſelf in his late viſit to *Scotland*, and quotes his countryman Mr. *Boſwell*, Sir *John Hawkins*, &c. in proof that *great men* may be allowed to narrate *little things*, particularly of themſelves. The mention of the "*bawbees*," his Lordſhip ſpeaks of as a moſt beautiful inſtance of what may be called the *minute deſcriptive*; and from the epithet "whiſtling," applied to the winds, he remarks, rather inappoſitely we muſt confeſs, that his Right Honorable friend is paſſionately fond of *muſic*; and that he is not only partial to his national muſic, played on that bewitching inſtrument the *bagpipe*, but ſpeaks alſo with rapture of the *notes* of *Signor Rumboldi*, a *foreign compoſer!*

From the ſame principle of brevity, though we greatly felicitate ourſelves on the copiouſneſs of our fund---we ſhall paſs over---an ADDRESS to MERCURY, as the patron of *thieving* and *horſe racing*, by by his Grace the Duke of *Queenſberry*;---the *Orators*, a *Rhapſody*, by the Right Hon. the Earl of *Abingdon*;---and the TRIUMPH of the GRACES, a *Cantata*, though written with ſome luxuriance, and much appropriation, by Lord *Mulgrave*.

The next production which demands our notice, was occasioned by an event rather unexpected at *Streatham*:---we mean a visit from Lord *Westcote* and Mr. *Minchin*. These twin-models of firmness and integrity were received with his usual politeness, by the owner of the mansion; but Mr. *Pitt* was observed, immediately on their entrance, to *shuffle* out of the room with infinite *dexterity*. They received several compliments on their *conversion*, which a wicked wit---we believe it was Mr. *Wilkes*---compared to that of St. *Paul*.---To perpetuate the memory of this *glorious* event, it was agreed to celebrate it by the following Ode. Mr. *Rose* furnished the *music*. The poetry was contributed by the parties undermentioned.

ODE.

O D E.

STROPHE the First.--LORD WESTCOTE.

Janus! attend thy vot'ry's pray'r!
Bring with thee all the changeful powers,
That rule the variegated hours,
And, verſatile themſelves,—make ſuch their care;
Come from thy darkſome cells,
Where the *Camelion* dwells,
Reflecting, at thy feet, his varied rays.
Do thou inſpire the Muſe,
Whatever ſtrain ſhe chuſe,
To thank this choſen few;
Teach us to pour the ardent lay
Which haply may repay
For their protecting ſmiles, the tribute due.
Then ſtern CONTEMPT ſhall hiſs in vain,
Or GRATITUDE complain,
And HONOUR's voice be loſt in SYDNEY's praiſe.

CHORUS,

CHORUS,

Accompanied alternately by Kettle-drums and the Flute obligato.

Hushed be the seas
Whilst WESTCOTE strikes the lyre,
And in changeful lays,
Yet to the subject true,
We—as it is due——
With general voice proclaim his praise.

ANTISTROPHE the First.---Mr. MINCHIN.

'Tis done—the inspiration comes;
I feel,—I feel the genial flame.
Let trumpets sound and kettle drums,
Whilst I proclaim
That PITT and *Prudence* are the same.
Long enrolled in weakened numbers,
Wrapt in deep politic slumbers,
I vainly thought—INTEGRITY was *Fame*.
The generous impulse long I thought to share,
When Prudence * pluck'd me by the ear,
And pointed to the Treasury Gate,
Where jests and smiles prevail within,
The gratulation bland—the chuckling grin.
—Without——pale Envy sighs,
And Hunger stares with eager eyes,
And Discontent and poor Dependace wait.

* *Aurem vellit, et admonuit.* VIRG.

Then

Then by the offices you bear,
By all the ſweets of Patronage and Place,
Indulge us with a ſhare,
And take repentant ſinners into grace.
Take ——
Take us but *in*——we care not how or where.

STROPHE the Second.---LORD MULGRAVE.

Revolving in mine alter'd ſoul
The various turns of fate below,
From this firm breaſt a ſigh now ſtole,
And tears began to flow.
Thinking—Ah! lamentable caſe,
I might perchance, like you, be out of place;
Then come *regenerate* ſons of Grace,
Behind the Treaſury Bench ye both ſhall ſit,
And own the *ſaving* powers of *Pitt*;
There to forget the wars you erſt did wage,
When the ſnug ſinecure quells you patriot rage,
And glad Expectancy ſhall end in place.

ANTISTROPHE the Second.---Mr. WILBERFORCE.

Now ſtrike the changing lyre again,
A louder——yet a louder ſtrain!
Thus ſhould we celebrate the feſtive day,
And the event which brings our joy,
So Fox and *Friendſhip* ſhall in vain eſſay
The impulſe ſtrong of intereſt to deſtroy.

Now

Now bold Corruption high shall lift her head,
Whilst Honor sickens—Gratitude lies dead

Let Eloquence pour forth her lore,
And lead Conviction in her train,——
Let virtue try her energetic pow'r,
On SOULS resolv'd like *these*, their efforts must be vain.

EXTRACT

EXTRACTS,

No. VII.

FROM THE

ALBUM at STREATHAM.

THE performance of the preceding Ode was received with as awful a silence as the reception of the noble and honorable poets was marked with distant and ceremonious respect. Lord *Westcote* having approached Lord *Mulgrave* for the purpose of holding some *confidential* chat, the *ursine* countenance of the latter,---though some may doubt the fact,---actually took a more repulsive form!---the trembling convert bowed and retreated with precipitation. Mr. *Minchin* drew near Lord *Sydney* with a similar intent, but his Lordship's countenance---like *spectres* extending themselves before they disappear,---grew in an instant so enormously long, that, though a Colonel of Militia, Mr. *Minchin* was struck with terror!---In vain they addressed themselves to all

 around.

around. Mr. *Arden* turned up his nose in contempt; and Mr. *M'Donald* closed his *penetrating* eyes, as if overtaken by an untimely slumber. They could not obtain a glance from the *all-surveying Jack Wilkes*, nor a syllable even from the *garrulity* of Sir *George Howard*. They were therefore compelled with much reluctance to retire, and were attended to their carriage only by the hospitable owner of the mansion.

As soon as the Premier was informed of their departure, he re-entered the drawing-room, and the conversation took its wonted turn.---The *Attorney-general* was called on for his poetic contribution, which he at first declined, as being without a *Precedent*; but being afterwards prevailed on, he penned with much facility some dozen *Hudibrastic* lines; but as the introductory part, consisted merely of compliments to his associates, who are beyond all praise, we have selected the following lines from the conclusion:

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

In flowing verse for me t'exhibit,
Would ask an high poetic gibbet;
To *legal* fictions still devoted,
Nought else of mine shall e'er be quoted.

Convinced

Convinced I ſhould, till I were weary,
The Muſes call by—*Certiorari*;
Nor would *nine* writs of *Fieri facias*,
Make the coy nymphs, a whit more gracious.
As ſoon ſhall *Kenyon* give good cheer,
Or Sir *John Miller* charm each ear;
As ſoon ſhall *Wilkes* not look aſkance,
Or father * *Bootle* hornpipes dance;
As ſoon ſhall *Pitt* grow fond of Woman,
Or *Beaufoy* ſpeak in accents human;
Sooner ſhall *Stanhope* ceaſe his din,
Or Raven *Watſon* learn to ſing,
Than I, forgetting briefs and fees,
In poetry ſhall aim to pleaſe;
Or quitting more ſubſtantial fare,
Liſt with the muſe, and live on air.

Though the *modeſty* of this learned gentleman thus declines the toils and honors of Parnaſſus, we are certain that from the above ſpecimen, many of our readers will be found to regret his determination, and to exclaim nearly in the language applied to a noble Lord of the ſame profeſſion,

" How ſmart a *Poet*, was in PEPPER loſt?

* *Wilbraham Bootle*, Eſq; M. P. who has the honor of calling the learned writer ſon-in-law, weighs about 18 ſtone.

The next application was made with more ſucceſs to Major *Scott*, whoſe excellence at puff, pamphlet, or paragraph, epigram, or eſſay, ſonnet, or ſatyr, were too well known to admit of any excuſe;---the Major pleaded however his lowneſs of ſpirits, the ſituation of his friend Mr. *Haſtings*, and the anxiety which he had ſo long felt on that occaſion, adding in the language of the poet,

"What mourner ever felt poetic fires?"

But being reminded that elegy or epigram were equally acceptable, and that each perſon was at liberty to indulge the mirthful mood, or the emotions of his ſenſibility, the Major ſat down, and with his uſual fluency produced the following

STANZAS.

STANZAS.

Great HASTINGS! for whom Britain now prepares
To praiſe thy conduct, or condemn thy wars;
Thou! who on Coromandel's ſwarthy coaſt,
Of *Rajahs* humbled at thy feet could boaſt;
Of kneeling *Nabobs*---then neglected things;
Of proſtrate *Viziers*---tributary kings!
Is there an hapleſs hour reſerved for me,
To ſing thy lot in ſtrains unworthy thee?
In phraſes like thine own could I relate,
The various turns of unexpected fate!
The world th'unſullied GOVERNOR in thee,
The perfect POET ſhould behold in me.
Yet 'round thy with'ring honors let me twine,
To thee my riſe was due,---my griefs be alſo thine.

II.

Thou *orient* EAGLE! aided by whoſe flight,
SCOTT---*wren* obſure---firſt ſaw the realms of light;
STAR of the *Morning*, whoſe wide ſpreading rays,
Bade Aſia's ſallow tribes with terror gaze,
Whoſe luſtrous beams o'er ſecret treaſures pour'd,
Affrighted *Nizams*, or on *Begums* lour'd.
Shorn of thoſe beams---in gloomy eclipſe caſt,
"Are all thine honors come to this at laſt?"
Where now the crouded ſuitors at thy gate,
The *Salams* * paid to oriental ſtate?

Thy

* The eaſtern ſalutation.

Thy * *Vakeels*, † Harcarrahs, ‡ Huceabadors,
And all the luxuries of diſtant ſhores?
All, all are fled!---there now no pomps await,
No eager ſuitors throng thy op'ning gate;
Yet round thy with'ring honors ſhall I twine,
To thee my riſe was due---my griefs be alſo thine.

III.

I view'd thee late--how fatal was the view?
Kneel at the bar, and ſcarce could think 'twas you!
I ſaw the crouded rows in ſolemn ſtate,
And awful judgment ſit on HASTING'S fate,
Tho' Beauty, in each form ſhe could aſſume,
Smil'd o'er the ſcene, and half diſpell'd its gloom;
Yet no relief to me could beauty give,
No kind conſolement could my heart receive.
At each harangue, I ſaw thine alter'd eye,
And my breaſt ſtruggled with the full reply;
But, ah! my friend—no Manager was I!
For IMPEY tho' the tear mine eye ſtill pours,
Our uſeful IMPEY!—prior claims are yours.
Then round thy with'ring honors ſtill I'll twine,
To thee my riſe was due—my griefs be alſo thine.

IV.

But, ah! my ſympathy can nought avail,
Whilſt rig'rous ſtatutes purge the general weal.
Adjur'd by Eloquence thy victims riſe,
And bleeding ſtand confeſs'd to Britiſh eyes;

Their

* Stewards or Agents.
† Sedan-bearers.
‡ Perſons who ſupply and manage the enormous tobacco-pipes uſed in India.

Their dark foul wrongs the forrowing BEGUMS ſpeak,
And blach the rubies of each beauteous cheek.
—Then ſay, one ray of hope doſt thou retain,
And think'ſt thou theſe appeals can all prove vain?
Yes! Though whole nations ſhall thy deeds revile,
Still ſhalt thou find relief in THURLOW's ſmile;
Perchance with him in gloomy triumph ſhare,
And ſee their prayers for juſtice—loſt in air!
So ſhalt thou ſtill on iv'ry beds repoſe,
And hidden BULSES long-loſt rays diſcloſe.
Then round thy leafy honors ſhall I twine,—
To thee my riſe was due—my joys ſhall then be thine.

The beauties of thoſe Stanzas are ſufficiently obvious;--the *orientaliſm* of ſome paſſages, the *pathos* of the whole, and above all the *gratitude* of the honorable writer, muſt be of themſelves too impreſſive to require any comment or elucidation.

The *Editor* of the ALBUM has now to announce to his readers,---what he is certain muſt ſtrike them with infinite concern---that the remaining parts of that ineſtimable work have ſuddenly and unaccountably diſappeared!---Whether they have evaporated *in fumo* with the official records at the India Houſe againſt Sir *Elijah Impey*, or have been ſtolen like the Great Seal by the flagitious inſtruments of oppoſition

position;---whether they repose with the *eloquence* of Sir *Joseph Mawbey*, the *truth* of Mr. *Bankes*, or the *modesty* of Mr. *Grenville*, are all questions beyond his power to determine. He is therefore compelled reluctantly to conclude, though not without expressing his sense of the approbation with which he has been received.

THE

THE BULSE,

A

PINDARIC ODE.

STROPHE the First.

WHENCE upon the dazzled ſight,
Beams the ſtrong reflected light?
Whence proceed thoſe lucid rays,
That on the bard's rapt fancy blaze;
It is! it is!—the well-known *Bulſe*,
Sent to feel the Royal pulſe——
To fire the poet's brain,
To call his ardent ſtrain:
And tune his honor'd lyre
To mortal lays—that never ſhall expire,
The while it ſheds its luſtre o'er the cheek of Night.

ANTISTROPHE the First.

Hail brighteſt gem of orient birth!
Happieſt produce of the earth!
Yet happier, brighter far thy preſent ſtate;
Doom'd to charm a monarch's eye,
Who aided by thy magnifying power
Another *Herſchel!*—can eſpy
In *Haſtings'* conduct all that's good and great.
Whilſt viewing thee
With ceaſeleſs glee,
In ſolitude he ſpends the grateful hour.

EPODE the First.

Yet are not thy charms confin'd
To Royal GEORGE's eye or mind,
Thou Talifman of more than magic force;
For peerlefs *Jenky* *—back-ftair wight,
Anxious to behold thy light,
Gently creeping,
Slily peeping,
In practic'd paces to the clofet ftole.
Propitious Fate in time direct his courfe——
The monarch to his favorite's fight
Difplays thy charms, and agitates his foul.

STROPHE the Second.

Swift his fancy onward flies,
Like meteors through the fkies:
And to thy native fpot his vifion bears,
There fhapes a different form affume,——
Imaginary harvefts bloom,
And war's loud tumults feem,—the Mufic of the Spheres.
The "Oppreffor's wrong"—the Matron's woe—
The Virgin's tears—fell Rapine's blow——
The facred Robe of Juftice all conceals,
Whilft o'er each fenfe thy wond'rous radiance fteals.
Extatic dreams his foul poffeffed,
For lo! there fhines upon his breaft

* The hypercritical reader may perhaps think this appellation fomewhat beneath the dignity of the Ode; but as in our opinion, there is as little honour in *another* name, we have chofen that by which the party is beft known.

A STAR *ideal* of thy fragments made,
When by the artiſt's cautious hand,
At ſovereign G——'s dread command,
Thy poliſh'd worth is to the world diſplay'd.

ANTISTROPHE the Second.

Hence reſults the mighty change——
Hence his glowing fancy burns——
And hence his thoughts with wond'rous range,
O'er Peers and Commoners revolve by turns.
He ſees the fluent, *placid*, *Sydney*, bow,
And looks to *ſapient Carmarthen*'s aid——
Peruſes *Lanſdown*'s dark *ambiguous* brow——
And as a favorite is the B——p's G——
To *Canterbury* gives the nod,
And ſees the *mitred* corps with pliant haſte array'd.
Then backward bids obedient memory run,
To view the *Major*'s fond aſſiduous pains,
And mark the mighty things he would have done,
If niggard Nature had but given him—brains;
Pity dropping from his eyes,
Nicholls next he ſees ariſe,
Dull "as the weed that roots on *Lethe*'s ſhore;"
And *Burgeſs*, with complacent grin,
Still th'eternal nonſenſe ſpin,
And rival * *Campbell* in ſomnific power,
Whilſt *ſage Macdonald* martyrs *Haſtings*'s cauſe,
And owls exu'ting hoot the fit applauſe.

With

* The preſent L—d A—— of *Scotland*, a gentleman as remarkable for political *acumen*, as his predeceſſor had been for *modeſt conſiſtency*, and who ſometimes actually eſcapes without diſapprobation in the H—— of C—— becauſe he is not *heard*.

EPODE the Second.

In extacy, thus *Jenky*'s ſoul,
Ranged thro' the circle of his power,
Whilſt the monarch's optics roll,
And fix alternate on the gem,
Fated to grace his diadem.
With ſplendor Eaſtern * *Nizams* never knew;
With brilliance to make German couſins ſtare,
And light each ſcene from *Buckingham* to *Kew*.——
When Juſtice from her ſphere deſcending,
Majeſty with Anger blending,
Appeared before the contemplative pair;
At her approach the Gem no longer bright,
Dimm'd by ſuperior radiance falls unſeen,
The Monarch looked a broader ſtare,
A ſallow paleneſs marked the favorite's fright,
And ſtern Conviction chaced them from the ſcene.

* When the celebrated ſubject of this Ode was firſt preſented, ſome ingenious gentlemen feigned that it came from the Nizam of the Decan: but this muſt have been a falſhood, for it was *never believed* at Court.

JEKYLL,

THE

JEKYLL,

A

POLITICAL ECLOGUE.

(BY THE AUTHORS OF THE ROLLIAD, *&c.*)

JEKYLL, the wag of Law, the ſcribler's pride,
CALNE to the Senate ſent, when TOWNSEND dy'd.
So LANSDOWN will'd—the old hoarſe *rook* at reſt.
A *jack-daw phenix* chatters from his neſt.
Stateſman, and Lawyer now, with claſhing cares
The important youth roams thro' the Temple-ſquares.
Yet ſtays his ſtep, where with congenial play
The well-known fountain babbles day by day:
The little fountain!—whoſe reſtricted courſe,
In low faint Eſſays owns its ſhallow ſource:
There, to the tinkling jet, he tun'd his tongue,
While *Lanſdown*'s fame, and *Lanſdown*'s fall he ſung.

" Where

" Where were our friends, when the remorſeleſs crew
" Of felon Whigs,—great *Lanſdown*'s pow'r o'erthrew?
" For neither then within St. *Stephen*'s wall
" Obedient *Weſtcote* hail'd the Treaſury-call;
" Nor Treachery then had branded *Eden*'s fame,
" Or taught mankind the miſcreant *Minchin*'s name.
" Joyful no more—(tho' *Tommy* ſpoke ſo long!)
" Was high-born *Howard*'s cry, or *Powney*'s pratling tongue.
" Vaid was thy roar. *Mahon!*—tho' loud and deep;
" Nor our own *Gilbert* could be rouz'd from ſleep.
" No bargain yet the tribe of *Phipps* had made;
" *Lanſdown!* you ſought in vain ev'n *Mulgrave*'s aid:
" *Mulgrave*—at whoſe harſh ſcream, in wild ſurprize
" The *ſpeechleſs* Speaker lifts his drowſy eyes.
" Ah! hapleſs day! ſtill as thy hours return,
" Let Jeſuits, Jews, and ſad Diſſenters mourn:
" Each Quack, and ſympathizing juggler groan,
" While bankrupt brokers echo moan for moan.
" Oh! much lov'd Peer! my Patron! Model! Friend!
" How does thy alter'd ſtate my boſom rend!
" Alas! the ways of Courts are ſtrange, and dark!
" *Pitt* ſcarce would make thee now a Treaſury-Clerk!"

Stung with the maddening thought—his griefs, his fears,
Diſſolve the plaintive Counſellor in tears.
" How oft (he cries) has wretched *Lanſdown* ſaid——
" Curs'd be the toilſome hours by ſtateſmen led!
" Oh! had kind Heaven ordain'd my humbler fate,
" A Country Gentleman's—of ſmall eſtate!
" With *Price* and *Prieſtley* in ſome diſtant grove,
" Bleſt I had led the lowly life I love.
" Thou, *Price!* had deign'd to calculate my flocks!
" Thou, *Prieſtley!* ſav'd them from the lightning's ſhocks!

" Unknown

" Unknown the ſtorms and tempeſts of the ſtate,
" Unfelt the mean ambition to be great,
" In *Bowood*'s ſhade had paſt my peaceful days,
" Far from the Court and its deluſive ways.
" The cryſtal brook my beverage ; and my food
" Hips—cornels—haws—and berries of the wood.

" Bleſt Peer ! eternal wreaths adorn thy brow,
" Thou Cincinnatus of the Britiſh plough !
" But rouze again thy talents and thy zeal ;
" Thy Sovereign ſure muſt wiſh thee Privy Seal.
" Or what—if from the Seals thou art debarr'd ?
" *Chandos* at leaſt he might for thee diſcard.
" Come, *Lanſdown !* come—thy life no more thy own ;——
" Oh ! brave again the ſmoke and noiſe of town :
" For Britain's ſake, the weight of greatneſs bear,
" And ſuffer honors thou art doom'd to wear.
" To thee, her Princes, lo ! where *India* ſends,
" All *Benfield*'s here,—and there all *Haſtings*'s friends:
" *Macpherſon—Wraxall—Sullivan* behold !
" *Call---Barwell---Middleton*—with heaps of gold :
" *Rajahs—Nabobs*---from *Oude---Tanjore---Arcot*,
" And ſee ! (nor oh ! diſdain him) *Major Scot !*
" Ah ! give the *Major* but one gracious nod !
" Ev'n *Pitt* himſelf once deign'd to court the *Squad !*
" Oh, be it theirs, with more than patriot heat,
" To ſnatch thy virtues from their lov'd retreat,
" Drag thee reluctant to the haunts of men,
" and make thee Miniſter !——Oh God ! but when ?"

Thus

Thus mouru'd the youth---'till ſunk in penſive grief,
He woo'd his handkerchief for ſoft relief;
In either pocket, either hand he threw;
When lo! from each a precious tablet flew.
Thus---his ſage patron's wond'rous ſpeech on trade!
This---his own book of ſarcaſms, ready made!
Tremendous book!---thou motley magazine
Of ſtole ſeverities, and pilter'd ſpleen!
Oh! rich in ill!—within thy leaves entwin'd,
What glittering adders lurk to ſting the mind!
Satire's Muſeum---with Sir *Aſhton*'s lore,
The Naturaliſt of malice, eyes thy ſtore;
Ranging with fell *Virtu* his poiſonous tribes
Of embryo ſneers, and animalcule gibes.
Here inſect puns their feeble wings expand,
To ſpeed, in little flights, their Lord's command;
There, in their paper chryſalis, he ſees,
Specks of bon mots, and eggs of repartees.
In modern ſpirit ancient wit he ſteeps;
If not its gloſs, the reptile's venom keeps:
Thy quaintneſs, *Dunning*;--but without thy ſenſe,
And juſt enough of *Bearcroft*, for offence.

On theſe lov'd leaves a tranſient glance he threw;
But weightier themes his anxious thoughts purſue:
Deep ſenatorial pomp intent to reach,
With ardent eyes he hangs o'er *Lanſdown*'s ſpeech:
Then loud the youth proclaims the enchanting words,
That charm'd the noble natures of the Lords.
" Loſt and obſcur'd in *Bowood*'s humble bow'r,
" No party-tool---no candidate for pow'r,—
" I come, my Lords---an Hermit from my cell,
" A few blunt truths in my plain ſtyle to tell.

" Highly

" Highly I praiſe your late commercial plan;
" Kingdoms ſhould all unite---like man and man:
" The *French* love peace; ambition they deteſt;
" But *Cherburg*'s frightful works deny me reſt.
" With joy I ſee now wealth for Britain ſhippid:
" *Liſbon*'s a froward child---and ſhould be whipp'd:
" Yet *Portugal*'s our old and beſt Ally!
" And *Gallic* faith is but a ſlender tie.
" My Lords!---the Manufacturer's a fool!
" The Clothier too knows nothing about wool!
" Their intereſts ſtill demand your conſtant care;
" *Their* fears are *mine---their* griefs are *my* deſpair.
" My Lords! my ſoul is big with dire alarms:
" *Turks---Germans---Ruſſians---Pruſſians*---all in arms!
" A noble Pole---(I'm proud to call him friend!)
" Tells me of things---I cannot comprehend.
" Your Lordſhip's hairs would ſtand an end, to hear
" My laſt diſpatches from the Grand Vizier.
" The fears of *Dantzic*---Merchants can't be told:
" Accounts from *Cracow*---make my blood grow cold.
" The ſtate of *Portſmouth*, and of *Plymouth* Docks,
" Your trade---your taxes---army---navy---ſtocks,——
" All haunt me in my dreams:---and, when I riſe,
" The Bank of England ſcares my opening eyes.
" I ſee---I know ſome dteadful ſtorm in brewing,
" Arm all your coaſts---your navy is your ruin.
" I ſay it ſtill:--- (but let me be believ'd)
" In *this* your Lordſhips have been much deceiv'd.
" A noble Dnke affirms I like his plan:
" I never *did*, my Lords---I never *can*.
" Shame on the ſlanderous breath! which dares inſtill
" That I, who now condemn, advis'd the ill.

 " Plain

" Plain words, thank Heaven! are always underſtood;
" I *could* approve, I ſaid---but not I *would*.
" Anxious to make the noble Duke content,
" My view was juſt to ſeem to give conſent,
" While all the world might ſee that nothing leſs was meant."

While *Jebyll* thus the rich exhauſtleſs ſtore
Of *Lanſdown*'s rhetorick ponders o'er and o'er;
And, wrapt in happier dreams of future days,
His patron's triumphs in his own ſurveys;
Admiring barriſters in crouds reſort,
From Figtree---Brick---Hare---Pump- -and Garden Court;
Anxious they gaze, and watch with ſilent awe
The motley ſon of politics and law.
Meanwhile, with ſofteſt ſmiles and courteous bows,
He, graceful bending, greets their ardent vows.
" Thanks, generous friends! (he cries) kind Templars,
" thanks!
" Tho' now, with *Lanſdown*'s band pour *Jeqyll* ranks,
" Think not, he wholly quits black-letter cares:
" Still, ſtill the Lawyer with the Stateſman ſhares.
" But ſee! the ſhades of night o'er ſpread the ſkies!
" Thick fogs and vapours from the *Thames* ariſe!
" Far different hopes our ſeparate toils inſpire;
" To parchment, you, and precedent retire!
" With deeper bronze your darkeſt looks imbrown,
" Adjuſt your brows for the demurring frown;
" Brood o'er the fierce rebutters of the bar,
" And brave the iſſue of the gowned war.

" Me, all unpractis'd in the baſhful mood,
" Strange novice thoughts, and alien cares delude;
" Yes, modeſt Eloquence! ev'n I muſt court
" For once, with mimic vows, thy coy ſupport.

" Oh!

" Oh ! wou'dſt thou lend the ſemblance of thy charms !
" Feign'd agitations, and aſſum'd alarms,
" 'Twere all I'd aſk !—but for one day alone
" To ape thy downcaſt look—thy ſuppliant tone ;—
" To pauſe—and bow with heſitating grace,—
" Here try to faulter—there a word miſplace ;
" Long baniſhed bluſhes this pale cheek to teach,
" And act the miſeries of a maiden ſpeech !"

JOURNAL

OF THE

Right Hon. HENRY DUNDAS.

October, 1787.

TOLD the Chairman the Company had long been in want of four regiments of King's forces—ſaid it was the firſt he had heard of it—told him he muſt require them as abſolutely neceſſary for the ſafety of India—the man appeared ſtaggered, reminded me of my uſual caution; grumbled out ſomething about recruits being cheaper; muttered that I expected too much from him, and talked of preſerving ap-

appearances.—Called him a fool, and ordered him to do as he was bid.

October, November, December, January.—Employed in disputes with those damned fellows the Directors—would not have my regiments—told them they must—swore they would not—believe the Chairman manages very badly—threatened to provide transports, to carry out the troops at the Company's expence—found afterwards I had no right—ordered PITT to bring in a Declaratory Bill!

February 25th—Bill brought in—badly drawn—turn away RUSSEL, and get another Attorney General—could not make MULGRAVE speak—don't see what use he's of.

March 3d.—Bill read a second time—SHERIDAN very troublesome—much talk about the constitution—wish PITT would not let people wander so from the question.

March 5th.—Bill in a Committee—Members begin to smell mischief—don't like it—PITT took fright and shammed sick—was obliged to speak myself—resolved to do it once for all—spoke four hours—so have done my duty, and let PITT now get out of the scrape as well as he can.

March 7th.—PITT moved to recommit the bill—talked about checks and the conſtitution—believe he's mad. Got into a damned ſcrape about cotton—ſecond time I've been detected—won't ſpeak any more.—N. B. Not to let BARING come into the Direction again. FOX ſpoke—PITT could not anſwer him, and told the Houſe he was too hoarſe—forgot at the time to diſguiſe his voice.

March 9th.—Got THURLOW to dine with us at *Wimbledon*—gave him my beſt Burgundy and Blaſphemy, to put him into good humour. —After a brace of bottles, ventured to drop a hint of buſineſs—THURLOW damned me, and aſked PITT for a ſentiment—PITT looked fooliſh—GRENVILLE wiſe—MULGRAVE ſtared —SYDNEY's chin lengthened—tried the effects of another bottle.—PITT began a long ſpeech about the ſubject of our meeting—SYDNEY fell aſleep by the fire—MULGRAVE and GRENVILLE retired to the old game of the board, and played puſh-pin for enſigncies in the new corps—GRENVILLE won three.—Mem.—To puniſh their preſumption, will not let either of them have one.

THURLOW very queer.—He ſwore the bill is abſurd, and my correſpondence with thoſe

curſed

curſed Directors damned ſtupid.—However will vote and ſpeak with us—PITT quite ſick of him—ſays, he growls at every thing, propoſes nothing, and ſupports any thing.

N. B. Muſt look about for a new Chancellor; SCOTT might do, but cants too much about his independence and his conſcience—what the devil has he to do with independence and conſcience—beſides he has a ſnivelling trick of retracting when he is caught in a lie—hate ſuch puling fellows—GEORGE HARDING much better—muſt try him tho'—will order him to ſpeak on Wedneſday.

Took PITT to town in my chariot—drove to Berkeley-ſtreet—got PITT to the door, but he would not come in—lounged an hour with CHARLOTTE—promiſed her a company in one of the new regiments for a diſbanded private of the Horſe Guards.—Why not order the whole houſe to be qualified at DRUMMOND'S, and charge it to the Company's ſecret ſervice?

March 10th. Sent for TWINING—when he came, had by me a large baſon of his SOUCHONG—drank it without a wry face—the moſt nauſeous black draught I ever ſwallowed—ſwore it was excellent—quoted a ſentence from Cicero, which I got from PRETTYMAN

for

for the occaſion—promiſed to put TWINING on my Houſe-liſt next year, give him one of the Chairs, and put the Tea-Trade under the Secret Committee;—TWINING to procure a requiſition for a General Court—gave him hints for a ſpeech—to abuſe BARING damnably.

Called at WHITEHALL—took away the laſt letters from CORNWALLIS, that PITT may not ſee them before they are *properly copied* out by my private Secretary—Left orders for PITT and SYDNEY to follow me to my houſe, where they would find my diſpatches for India ready for ſigning.

March 11.—Dined with the DIRECTORS—almoſt too late;—*London Tavern* not near enough.—Mem. to order the Directors in future always to dine in my neighbourhood, and allow them to charge the additional coach-hire to the Company—Why not buy a *long ſtage* to cary them about wherever I may want them?

PITT frightened when we got into the City, leſt the mob ſhould hiſs—talked about *Grocers' Hall* and better times;—aſked me if I was not glad they were going to pull down *Temple-bar*, and hoped there would be no further occaſion for it. Tried to prevent his being melancholy—threw a ſhilling among the blackguards—

would not do—no huzzaing.—N. B. Not to forget to make the Chairman repay me, the money being disbursed in the Company's service.

Got to the LONDON TAVERN at six. Drew up my Commissioners in the passage, and gave them their orders—told PITT to follow next to me, and bid MULGRAVE speak in his upper voice, and be affable.—Tried to laugh as we entered the room—MULGRAVE put us out by one of his growling sighs—damn the fellow! must get rid of him.—Told DEVAYNES to laugh for us all—did it well—make him Chairman next year.

Dinner good—don't see why we should not dine with them always.—N. B. Ordered twelve dozen of their claret to be carried to *Wimbledon*.—LUSHINGTON grumbled, and asked by what authority I did it?—A very troublesome fellow that—remove him.

PITT peevish and out of spirits; ordered MOTTEUX to sing a song—began "*Ah si vous* "*pouviez comprendre*." PITT turned red, and thought the Chairman alluded to some dark passages in the India Bill—endeavoured to pacify him, and told *the Secret Committee* to give us a soft air; they sung in a low voice "*the*

"*cause*

"*cause I must not, dare not tell.*"—MANSHIP groaned, and drank Colonel CATHCART. By G—, if I thought he meant to betray me, I'd indict him for perjury!—Somebody struck up "*if you trust before you try.*"—PITT asked if the Directors wished to affront him, and began a long harangue about his regard and friendship for the Company;—*nine* Directors offered to swear for it—told them they need not—bowed, and thanked me.

LE MESURIER begged our attention to a little French Air, "*Sous le nom de l'amité en fi-*" *nesse on abonde*"—cursed *mal-a-propos*.

PITT swore he was insulted, and got up to go away. The Alderman, much terrified at what he had done, protested solemnly he meant no offence, and called God to witness, it was a very harmless song he learnt some time ago in *Guernsey*—Could not appease PITT—so went away with him, after ordering MULGRAVE not to let SYDNEY drink any more wine, for fear he should begin talking.

PITT desired the servants to put out the flambeaux, as we went through the city—(a sad coward!) asked me if I did not think Fox's a very able speech—sighed, and said he had promised to answer it to-morrow—wished how-

ever

ever to do nothing in a hurry—expressed much diffidence in his own abilities, and paid me many compliments—thought I had a fine opportunity to shew my talents—assured me he should think nothing of waving *his* right to reply; and that he had not the least objection to letting *me* answer Fox—begged to decline the offer. N. B. He seemed very uneasy, and much frightened—never knew him *diffident* before—wish to-morrow was well over.

Came home—opened a bottle of champaigne which I brought in the carriage with me from the Directors' dinner—looked over my list of *levee* men—found nine field officers yet unprovided for.—Wrote to Ross, enclosing the copy of a letter to be sent to me from Lord C—LL—S, requiring more King's troops;—finished my bottle, and went to bed.

March 12.—Went to the levee—HE looked surly—would hardly speak to me—don't like him—must have heard that I can govern INDIA without consulting him,—Nothing ever escapes that *damned* fellow SHERIDAN!

Between four and five went to the House—worse than the levee—PITT would not speak, pretended it was better to wait for Fox—put

 him

him in mind of the excuſe he made at the end of the laſt debate, and his *promiſe* to anſwer *calumnies*—don't mind promiſes—a damned good quality that—but ought to conſider his friends—GEO. HARDINGE ſpoke in conſequence of my orders—forgot I was ſitting below him—attacked Lord NORTH's adminiſtration—got into a curſed ſcrape with POWIS—won't do for the CHANCELLOR—why not try BURGESS?—SCOTT defended what he he had ſaid in the laſt debate—made it worſe than ever—quoted from DEBRETT's debates—talked about an *adder*—thought he was alluding to PITT—our lawyers ſomehow don't anſwer—ADAM and ANSTRUTHER worth them all—can't they be bought?—*Scotchmen!*—damned ſtrange if they can't—Mem. to tell ROSE to ſound them.

ADAM ſevere on me and the reſt that have betrayed Lord NORTH—a general confuſion all round PITT—no one to defend us—VILLIERS grinned—GRAHAM ſimpered—MULGRAVE growled—by G—d I believe PITT enjoyed it—always pleaſed when his friends get into a ſcrape.—Mem. to give him a lecture upon that.—MULGRAVE ſpoke at laſt—wiſh he'd held his tongue—SHERIDAN an-

ſwered

ſwered him—improves every day—wiſh we had him—very odd ſo clever a fellow ſhouldn't be able to ſee his own intereſt—would'nt venture on a reply myſelf, for fear of another lick from that clumſy boor Sir EDWARD ASTLEY—ſaid my long ſpeech was dull and tireſome—what's the matter with the fellow?—uſed to vote with us—believe LANSDOWN's got him.—Mem. to tell STEELE to look out for another Member for the county of Norfolk.

Jogged PITT—told him SHERIDAN's ſpeech *muſt* be anſwered—ſaid, *I* might do it then, for *he couldn't*—PULTENEY relieved us a little, pretending to be gull'd by the *checks*—too great nonſenſe to have any effect on the Houſe—BASTARD forgot his laſt abuſe of PITT, and talked again about confidence; but was againſt the Bill—what's confidence without a vote?—came to a diviſion at laſt—better than the former—had whipped in well from SCOTLAND—the Houſe ſeems tired—hope we ſhan't have much more of this.

Mem. to give orders to MANNERS to make a noiſe, and let no body ſpeak on third reading—a very uſeful fellow that MANNERS—

does more good ſometimes than ten ſpeakers.

March 14th. God's infinite mercy be praiſed, AMEN! This is the laſt day that infernal DECLARATORY BILL ſtays in the Houſe of Commons—as for the *Lords*—but that's no buſineſs of mine;—only poor SYDNEY!—Well—God bleſs us all—AMEN!

Got up and wrote the above, after a very reſtleſs night—went to bed again—but could not ſleep—troubled with the *blue devils*—thought I ſaw POWIS—recovered myſelf a little, and fell into a ſlumber.—Dreamt I heard SHERIDAN ſpeaking to me through the curtains—woke in a fright, and jumped out of bed.

Went down ſtairs—found ſome of the DIRECTORS waiting in the hall—*damned their bloods*, and told them this was all their doing—informed me a General Court was called by the enemy—bid them make ſuch a noiſe, that nobody might be heard—DEVAYNES undertook it—ordered the SECRET COMMITTEE to ſtay, and ſent the reſt about their buſineſs.

After breakfaſt wrote to HAWK—Y, and begged his acceptance of a *Lieut. Colonelcy*,

2 *Majorities*, 2 *Collectorship*, 3 *Shawls*, and a piece of *India Muslin* for the young ladies—sent back one of the *Shawls*, and said he'd rather have another *Collector's place*—Damnation! but it must be so, or SYDNEY will be left to himself.—N. B. Not to forget THURLOW's *Arrack* and *Gunpowder Tea*, with the *India Crackers* for his children.

MULGRAVE called to know if I wanted him to speak to-day—told him not—had enough of him last time.

Went down to the House—ANSTRUTHER played the devil with all our *checks* and *guards*—serves us right for introducing such nonsense—GEORGE NORTH asked when I meant to open my budget—said, when the RAVENSWORTH arrives—pray God she be lost! Mem. When I do open my budget, to state all the accounts in *Tales*, *Pagados*, and *Mohurs*—has a fine effect on the country gentlemen, and prevents many impertinent observations.

Waited very patiently for PITT's *promised answer to* FOX's *calumnies* till eight o'clock—fresh enquiries about it every minute—began to be very uneasy—saw OPPOSITION sneering—SHERIDAN asked PITT if he was *hoarse* yet—looked exceed-

exceedingly foolish—pitied him, and, by way of relieving his awkward situation, spoke myself—made some of my boldest assertions—said a good thing about "*A Mare's Nest*"—coined a few clauses, which I assured the House were in Fox's Bill, and sat down with much applause—was afterwards unfortunately detected in every thing I had said, and universally scouted by all sides.—Mem. I should not have got into that scrape, if I had not tried to help a friend in distress.—N. B. Never to do it again—there's nothing to be gained by it.

As soon as I recovered myself, asked PITT whether he really meant to answer Fox, or not.—Owned at last, with tears in his eyes, he could not muster courage enough to attempt it—sad work this!—N. B. Observed GRENVILLE made a note, that a man need not be an orator, to be *Chancellor of the Exchequer*—he seemed pleased with the precedent.

Nothing left for it but to cry *question!*—divided—only 54 majority—here's a job!

SHERIDAN read a cursed malicious paper, in which he proved PITT an impostor; and that what Fox had openly demanded, the *Board of Controul* had secretly stolen.—Brother Commissioners all turned pale—was obliged to

rub

rub their noſes with *Thieves Vinegar*, and then ſlunk out of the Houſe as faſt as I could.— N. B. Believe old PEARSON's a ſneering ſon of a bitch—tried to whiſtle as I went through the lobby—aſked me if I was unwell—damn his impudence.

Came home in a very melancholy mood — returned thanks in a ſhort prayer for our narrow eſcape—drank a glaſs of brandy—confeſſed my ſins — determined to reform, and ſent to WILBERFORCE for a good book—a very worthy and religious young man that—like him much—always votes with us.

Was beginning to grow very dejected, when ROSE called to inform me of an excellent ſcheme about BANK STOCK—a ſnug thing, and not more than twenty in the ſecret—raiſed my ſpirits again—told the ſervant I would not trouble Mr. WILBERFORCE—ordered a bottle of beſt Burgundy—ſet to it with ROSE, hand to fiſt— congratulated one another on having got the DECLARATION BILL out of our Houſe---and drank good luck to SYDNEY, and a ſpeedy progreſs through the Lords.

HARRY AND BILLY:

AN ECLOGUE.

WITH luſt for pow'r, with fear to loſe it preſs'd,
(Alternate tyrants of his ſordid breaſt)
Once had *Scotch Harry* plann'd a ſcheme, to prove
If *Billy*'s faith prevail'd o'er ſtrong ſelf-love.
A ſecret note with trembling haſte he writes,
Himſelf to *Holwood*'s well-known bow'r invites;
Suggeſtions dark, and dubious words, diſcloſe
That his ſad heart is torn with weighty woes,
To *Billy*'s ear that he muſt hints commend
On which their fame, and dearer place, depend.

Billy approaching, ſent his lurid eye
To aſk if yet his darling *Thane* was nigh.
He ſees—but ah! perceives no wonted haſte—
On the low ground the *Scot*'s regards are plac'd;
His artful boſom heaves diſſembl'd ſighs,
And tears ſuborn'd fall copious from his eyes.
Attentive ſtood the anxious boy—the man
Broke ſilence firſt. The tale alternate ran.

HARRY.

SINCERE, oh tell (if e'er in early youth
Thy lips familiar ſpoke one word of truth)
Doth ſome baſe *Engliſhman* with me divide
Thy heart ?— or hath it own'd an earlier guide ?
If ſo, with pity view my abject ſtate ;
At leaſt deplore, and then forget my fate ;
Give to ſome native boy my vacant place ;
Some jobbing Chief of *England*'s hated race.
And only, as the Sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Think that thy faithful *Harry* lives to ſee
Landſdowne and *North* betray'd in vain for thee.
For oh ! too long ſecurely have I view'd
Theſe treach'rous ſteps by public ſcorn purſu'd.—
Now the lewd rabble pelt me as I paſs ;
E'en *Thurlow* ſcouts, and *Jenky* rumps *Dundas*.
Fate calls aloud, and chides my fond delay
—Perhaps a pump awaits my longer ſtay—
Then keep *thy* place, dear youth, nor vainly ſtoop
To ſave a wretched *Scot*, of his own ſchemes the dupe.

BILLY.

What are our nerves, if, when in act to rob,
We dread the ſenſeleſs clamour of a mob ?
Whoſe wit like thine the various fraud ſupplies ?
Ah ! where are *Billy*'s hopes if *Harry* flies ?
Not my own Doctor half ſo dear is lov'd,
Though, ſince a Biſhop, much in fibs improv'd.
But if thy pitiful, ill-boding fear
Idly reſigns—*four thouſand pounds a year*,

Ne'er

Ne'er ſhall malicious *Whigs*, in ſcoffing ſtory,
Tell of *Scotch Harry* ſold by *Pitt the Tory*.
Faithful I follow, and reſigning, own
That I, of all mankind, can act with thee alone.

HARRY.

Let caution yet obſtruct thy vent'rous way;
Think what the Country Gentlemen will ſay!
—That their pure Billy evil courſes took;
His father's fame—(the laſt pretence!)—forſook;
That, fond of guile, and ardent for intrigue,
He with a SCOTCHMAN *join'd in hateful league.*
Then ſtay behind, brave youth, nor raſhly ſtoop
To ſave a baniſh'd man, of his own tricks the dupe.

BILLY.

Let *Banks* and *Wilberforce* their cenſures chooſe;
Let *Baſtard* blaſt me, or let *Rolle* accuſe:
Of all my crimes may I by *Wilkes* be told;
Let *Fanny Burton* flout, or *Pulteney* ſcold;
To the cenſorious world this truth be known—
That ſafely *Pitt* with thee can truſt himſelf alone!

HARRY.

Right well I know thy dubious ſpeech abounds
In ſlippery ſuavity, and ſuaſive ſounds;
Gay, bold, and ſaucy too, I know thee now,
While at thy ſhrine obedient placemen bow.
But when this fond, deluſive dream is paſt,
Thyſelf, deceiving all, deceiv'd at laſt;
When the gay ſcene of wealth and pow'r is clos'd,
And *Fox* defies thy feeble force oppos'd;

When

When thy proud creſt is humbl'd to the duſt,
And none will join the man whom none can truſt;
When reaſon triumphs, and when *Whigs* prevail,
'Tis tow'ring zeal—fictitious ſpunk—will fail.
Then keep the Treas'ry-Bench, dear youth, nor ſtoop
To join an odious *Scot*, of his own wiles the dupe.

BILLY.

Each inconſiſtent part I well can act;
Affirm, deny, miſconſtrue, and retract.
Moſt grim is *Mulgrave*, and ſublimely dull;
Nor wit can penetrate *Lloyd Kenyon*'s ſkull;
Charm'd by no feature, by no ſenſe miſled,
Scarce from my *Bogy*'s b— we know his head;
The fat, blank mind, the ſhapeleſs traits diſcloſe,
Foul and indecent had he loſt his noſe.
Theſe yet are ours, the haughtieſt foes to meet:
Troops ſuch as theſe can never know defeat.
Then near thee, doubt not, ſteadfaſt I'll remain,
And loudly ſwear thou'rt honeſt in the grain.
Though my half-principles may not allow
Me ev'ry pledge at once to diſavow,
Each fraudful aid, inſidious, I'll ſupply,
Veil'd in the garb of Freedom's beſt ally;
Bleſt when my deep hypocriſy hath ſhewn,
That I, of all mankind, am fit for thee alone.

HARRY.

But ſay, ambitious Boy, can'ſt thou ſuſtain
Sad diſappointment's unrelenting reign?

When

When brib'd majorities no more will vote,
Nor nasty *Shuckb'rough* strain his noisy throat—
No well-cramm'd rows thy posing schemes to hear,
No *Cornwall*'s nod thy climaxes to chear,
Say—wilt thou not, repining, send thine eye
Around the dismal waste—and sneaking, try
(For well thou know'st no treach'ry is too late)
With *Hawkesbury*'s help, to find the postern gate?
Search if the well-known stairs thou can'st discern;
Stairs never barr'd to faithless *Pitt*'s return?
Will not weak *Billy* then exhausted droop,
And leave a hapless man, of guilt and him the dupe?

BILLY.

No, *Harry*, no—one sacred oath hath ty'd
Our faith—one destiny our life shall guide.—
When at the House we lose the well fought day,
To some cheap tavern we'll together stray;
Deep in dull Port my bootless cares I'll drench,
Nor blush with thee to share some buxom wench.
And when, at night, with wine and toil oppreſt,
Sweet slumber *thou* enjoy'st, and wholesome rest,
Lost in fond ease, and amorous neglect,
Sly and sedate, thy pockets I'll protect.
Thus, crown'd with bliss, the circling hours shall fly;
All night we'll revel, and all day we'll lie.
Then *Harry* be convinc'd, and grateful own,
That I, of all mankind, am fit for thee alone.

HARRY.

HARRY.

Idly thou talk'ſt of wenches and of wine,
Or in luxurious plenty hop'ſt to dine;
For thou muſt mix with men—thy friends abjur'd
—From native wilds, in hopes of plunder lur'd;
(The choſen kindred of thy *Harry*'s breed)
Train'd by harſh fortune to each deſp'rate deed;
Fierce with long hunger—proſtitute for bread;
By filth corrupted, and with brimſtone fed;
Their only joy—their glowing hides to ſcratch;
Their ſole employment—vagrant lice to catch.
A barb'rous ſpeech thy claſſic ear muſt wound,
Inur'd to elocution's ſofteſt ſound,—
Till, by ſad habit, brought from bad to worſe,
On BRUNSWICK's ſacred race thou join'ſt the rebel curſe!

Now, *Billy*, now, the laſt reflection make:
What thou would'ſt follow, what thou would'ſt forſake.
No half-faced fellowſhip our ſtars allow;
No quibbling promiſes can gull me now.
To the laſt dregs of meanneſs thou muſt ſtoop,
Or leave a hated *Scot*, of guilt and thee the dupe.

BILLY.

Oh grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Doom thee to ſuffer what thy int'reſt hates!
Mix thee among the poor—or make thee run
Near the baſe couſins, whom thy pride would ſhun!

But,

But, ſure, thy *Billy*'s heart could never err
E'en 'mongſt the beſt—if *Harry* ſtill were there.
Chiefly for thee I practis'd ev'ry cheat
Of mimic virtue and refin'd deceit:
Well ſkill'd to puzzle, and perplex the ſenſe,
My choiceſt tropes were us'd for thy defence;
The charms of flow'ry ſpeech no more I'll prize,
But in *broad Scotch* my little wit diſguiſe—
Breeches no more theſe harmleſs limbs ſhall wear
To the rude winds magnificently bare—
Loſt to the World—to *Engliſh* eyes unknown,
Billy ſhall joy to ſkulk, and live for thee alone!

HARRY.

Oh wand'ring levity!—Oh ſhameleſs boaſt!
Oh honour lightly won, and lightly loſt!
Now ſhall each ſong, in rueful notes, proclaim
The Youth well hackney'd in the ways of ſhame:
Baſeneſs no more for friendly zeal miſtake,
Thou lov'ſt corruption for corruption's ſake.
All ſacrific'd! to join a vagrant troop
That owns a guilty man, of his own arts the dupe.

BILLY.

Are there not halters?—Eggs?—Impeachments?
—Blocks?
Have we brib'd *Sheridan*, or poiſon'd *Fox*,
That this dire word eſcapes the tuneful tongue,
Where civil ſpeech and ſoft perſuaſion hung?
Drag forth my actions to ſevereſt teſt,
Roſe and *Jack Robinſon*, who know me beſt!

Of *Eden*'s faith, and *Westcote*'s firmness tell,
And—last of modern rats—how *Minchin* fell;
Then loud proclaim if my unpractis'd heart
E'er seem'd inclin'd to act a knavish part,
Or knows one fault—or other crime can own
Than that, of all mankind, it feels like thine alone.

HARRY.

Vainly thou say'st, our principles agree,
And of congenial feelings talk'st to me—
Our mushroom bands have sprung from Fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes and follies of a court;
No fix'd desert denotes our casual rise,
Nor firm try'd faith, nor Friendship's holy ties.
By nature prompted, and for treach'ry paid,
Alike with force or cunning we invade.
To the gull'd mob delusive vows we bear,
Or with sly whispers win the Monarch's ear.
Dup'd by those arts that taught thee first to rise,
Take back thy silly heart—an easy sacrifice.
Why should'st thou rave? Let honour judge our cause
By the first rules of its eternal laws—
I saw thee first in Opposition's train,
Young, giddy, petulant, perverse, and vain:
No ardent impulse thy stern heart obey'd;
But stiff reserve and tim'rous caution sway'd.
Apt to my purpose, I my snares begun,
I came, I bow'd, I flatter'd, and I won—

But

But now—for well I guefs thy parting pow'r
In BRUNSWICK's fcowl that never feem'd to
four).
Warn'd, I retire to feek the diftant cells,
Where, in the lonely wood, my *Lanfdowne* dwells;
With him not long in folitude to mourn;
With him in happier times to place return.
For lo—the God accepts the patriot's vow;
And fmiles returning foften BRUNSWICK's
brow!
All hope to join us from thy heart remove;
For well he knows thy tricks, and oft hath try'd
thy love.

BILLY.

Of all egregious knaves art thou the worft—
Or I, of fools, the moft completely curft?
—Yet will I go with thee—and, flave, attend
On him who well may fpurn the name of Friend.
Oh—may he rule himfelf the Treas'ry Board,
And make me what he likes—an humble Lord!

HARRY.

Moft holy *Prettyman!* Oh hear me fwear
By thy quick genius—fadly loft in pray'r—
By thy gilt Bible, erft the fav'rite prize
When *Banks* with thine, vainglorious match'd his
lies*,
No mifcreant *Scot* am I; no wretch forlorn;
No branded victim; yet of public fcorn;

* Vide The Lyar's Political Eclogue.

Hail'd by each voice THE MONARCH OF BENGAL,
From *Ganges'* wealthy ſtream to *Leadenhall!*
No ragged couſins teaze me now for jobs:
Long ſince hath *Campbell* made them all Nabobs.
Contractors here my princely ſteps attend;
Committees there—and here Directors bend.
Mine their whole wealth, their Patronage, and State;
My ſmile is Providence, my frown is Fate.
Not BRUNSWICK's ſelf can drive me from my ſeat,
Nor, ſcornful, ſeek I *Bowood's* poor retreat;
But on bold guilt and impudence rely;
Deſpiſe the People, and the King defy.

O D E

ON THE

RESTORATION OF HIS MAJESTY;

RECITED BY

MRS. SIDDONS,

AT BROOKES'S GALA, ON TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1789.

WRITTEN BY MR. MERRY.

REFULGENT from his zenith'd height,
The vaſt orb ſhow'rs the living light,
While roſeate Beauty hails the bounteous ſtream;
Gigantic Ocean drinks the blaze,
Wild on his boundleſs billows plays,
And ſhakes his glitt'ring treſſes to the beam.

But ſee, engender'd in the gloom
Of ſullen Night's unhallow'd womb,
Dim clouds ariſe, and vapours fell;
Onward they ſpeed their baneful flight,
Spread o'er the heav'ns their ſhad'wy ſpell,
Deform the promis'd day, and veil the glorious light.

Ah! now far off the tim'rous Pleaſures haſte,
Sad Silence ſlumbers in the liſt'ning waſte;
From her lorn cave pale Melancholy ſteals,
And ſcarce a ſigh her ſecret pang reveals;
Huſh'd are the Zephyrs, mute the tuneful grove,
The notes that wak'd to joy, the gales that whiſper'd love.

—But ſhort the mornful change;—behold
Again from high the radiant ſplendour roll'd;
See, the freſh flow'rs with brighter tints are ſpread,
And richer colours paint the mountain's head;
The wanton river, more luxuriant leads
His ſilv'ry current through the laughing meads;
A ſweeter ſong the feather'd minſtrel tries;
Far ſweeter perfumes from the bloſſoms riſe;
'Tis Nature's incenſe fills the bright'ning ſkies.

——So when thy luſtre, George, awhile
Was loſt to Britain's ſorrowing iſle,
Apall'd, we ſhrunk beneath the blow;
The boldeſt heart confeſt diſmay,
Deſpair o'ercaſt our Glory's day,
Witneſs'd a Sov'reign's worth, and ſpoke a nation's woe.

——But

——But rising now to transport from her fears,
Health be to GEORGE, our King, Britannia cries;
Waft the warm wish, ye gales that rise,
Spread the glad sound, ye echoing spheres,
Where'er Britannia proud her victor-sceptre rears:
Let distant Continents declare,
The glorious cause that wakes a nation's care,
When in disaster's heavy hour,
Dire sickness clouds the Monarch's brow—
'Tis that unshrinking from his hallow'd vow,
That Monarch, to his free-born people just,
Reigns but for those who gave him power,
And makes it glory to deserve the trust.
Long rest the sceptre in his equal hand,
And to his sway may Heav'n propitious be;
Long may he rule a willing land,
But oh! FOR EVER MAY THAT LAND BE FREE!

—Have we not seen a threat'ning world combine,
To tear the laurels from Britannia's shrine;
Seen countless navies load the weary main,
Legions on legions swell th' embattl'd plain?
Yes, with disdain have seen them, and they know
How quick the bold presumption ends in woe:
As when of yore, on Poictier's purple field,
Gaul's regal lord resign'd his lillied shield,
When CRESSY's troops the sable Chief rever'd,
And first ICH DIEN on his plumes appear'd.
So STILL, the vanquish'd foes of Albion find,
Nought can resist th' unconquerable mind;

From

From Elliot's thunder, Rodney's rage they fly,
Fate gives th' inſpiring word—'Tis GEORGE and
LIBERTY.

Fairy people! ye who dwell
In fragrant ev'ning's vap'ry cell,
To the clear moon oft' repair,
And quaff the ſpirit of the air!
Bear Britannia's votive wreath,
Where the gentleſt zephyrs breathe:
Lave it in the ſaphire tides,
Where immortal Fame reſides;
Mark the leaves which valour wove,
Gather'd by the hand of love;
Virtue bleſs'd them as ſhe view'd,
'Tis the wreath of gratitude!

—Yet ſtill a nobler palm to Britain's heir,
Let the fond ardour of affection bear;
Juſt ſo the favour'd PRINCE, in whom we trace
The brighteſt glories of the Brunſwick race,
Unfeign'd benevolence, grace, void of art,
The mildeſt nature, and the firmeſt heart;
Feelings, that ſhare the grateful bliſs they give,
When bluſhing bounty bids the ſuff'rer live;
The pride of gen'rous worth which pants to prove
His deareſt birth-right is the People's love;
His beſt ambition to revere that law,
Which holds the free-born heart in willing awe.

Such

Such are the virtues happy Britons own,
Diffuſe reflected luſtre on a throne.
And, lo! HIBERNIA, from her fertile coaſt,
Leans o'er the lucid waves to hear the boaſt;
Then gaily ſtrikes her harp's melodious ſtring,
And with the fond applauſes greets the ſpring,
Greets the light blaſt which jocund ſpeeds away,
To where th' Atlantic claſps the ſinking day.
Speed ye ſoft gales, our nation's honour raiſe,
And blend in kindred fame fraternal praiſe;
Tho' thou, ingenuous YORK, all praiſe diſclaim,
And in a brother's glory ſeek thy fame,
Howe'er with conſcious worth thy boſom glows,
Thou art the foe of none but Freedom's foes.
Bleſt be thoſe youths whoſe love and duty wait,
To guard the public Parent of the ſtate—
And bleſt the Father, who when ills invade,
From Heav'n and nature claims the ſureſt aid!

Sullen Hate and Party ſpleen,
Pride and Envy quit the ſcene!
Friendſhip here, and Pleaſure bind
Flow'ry fetters on the mind,
Female charms around conſpire—
Beaming love, and ſoft deſire;
Forms celeſtial, that ſurpaſs
Thoſe beheld in Fancy's glaſs,
When the youthful Poet's eye
Meets the viſion'd extacy.
Sons of Freedom hither haſte,
Only you the bliſs can taſte,

Only

Only you have pow'r to prove
What is Beauty, what is Love.
Sons of Freedom hither throng,
Join with us the loyal song,
'Till in glad concord ev'ry heart agree,
BRUNSWICK's bleſt line—BRITANNIA's liberty.

FINIS.